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THE REAL

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™





**Y**o ho ho, shipmates! How are you all this week, me hearties? Have you discovered any *buried treasure* recently? Have you had the urge to travel to *undiscovered islands*? Have the Ghostbusters joined the Navy? Well, not exactly, but issue forty-five of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** sails off in true *buccaneering* style with a tale of *paranormal piracy* in **Ghost Ship!** The sea-bound skullduggery doesn't end there, however, as this week's **Winston's Diary** relates to you a story of supernatural horror which is of completely watery and oceanic proportions! 'Can there be more?' I hear you scream. Well, as a matter of fact, there is! Amongst all the usual goodies, there lurks an eating experience with a difference in **Take-away Terror!** Then there's a road-bound trucking nightmare in **Highway Haunt!** Lastly, to add to the excitement, we have the results of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMPUTER COMPETITION**. Can you handle all this? Yes? Then read on!

## CONTENTS

<b>Ghost Ship!</b> .....	3
<b>Spengler's Spirit Guide</b> .....	9
<b>Winston's Diary!</b> .....	10
<b>Ghostbusters' Fact File: Mirror Ghost</b> .....	13
<b>Ghost Writing</b> .....	14
<b>Take-away Terror!</b> .....	15
<b>Dead True!</b> .....	17
<b>Highway Haunt!</b> .....	19
<b>Blimey! It's Slimer!</b> .....	22
<b>Next Issue/Computer Competition Results</b> .....	23

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDEMORE



JANINE MELNITZ

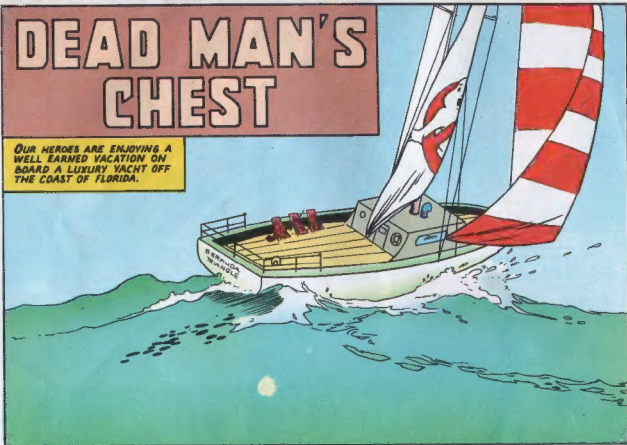


SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

## DEAD MAN'S CHEST

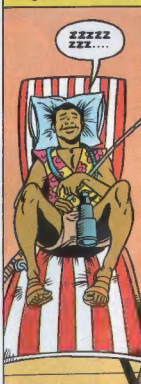
OUR HEROES ARE ENJOYING A WELL EARNED VACATION ON BOARD A LUXURY YACHT OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA.



PETER IS DOING A LITTLE LIGHT READING...



WINSTON IS FISHING...



RAY IS LISTENING TO MUSIC...

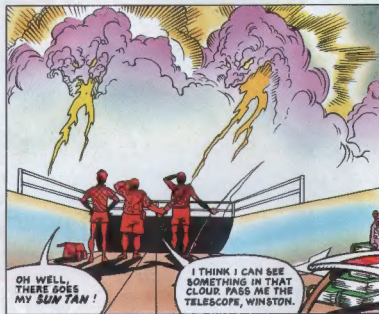


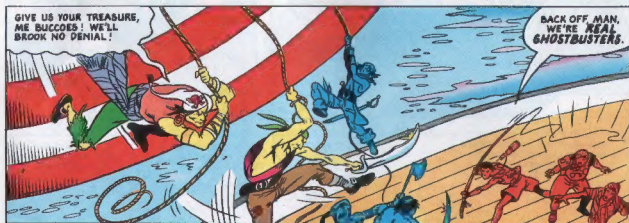
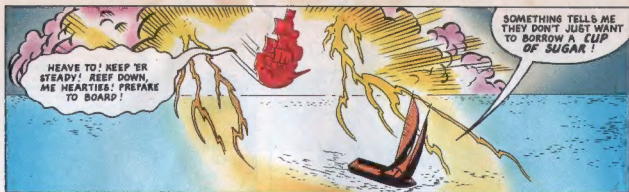
AND EGON IS... EGON AS USUAL!

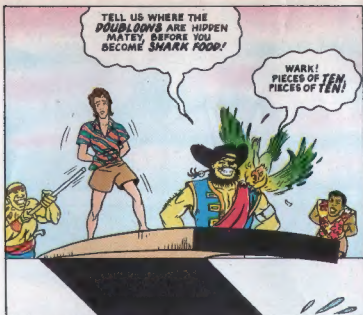


Story GRAHAM WATSON Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering MARY GREEN Colouring LOUISE CASSELL

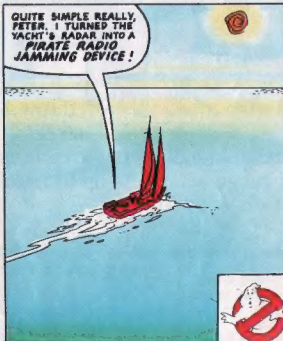
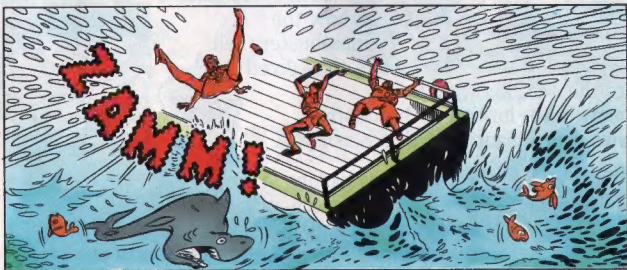
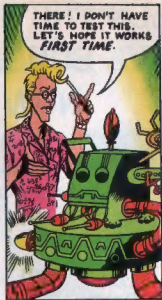




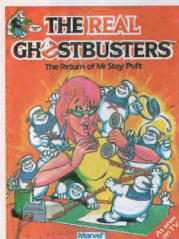








**YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM. . .**  
**YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC. . .**  
**NOW READ THE BOOKS!**



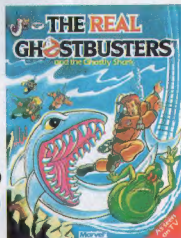
**W**hat would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



**I**f you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived



into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.

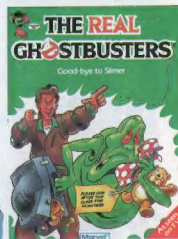


**D**on't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



**W**hen the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



You can find these books in all good bookshops and read about what **REALLY** happens when people have to call **THE GHOSTBUSTERS**.

**MARVEL**  
**BOOKS**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Pirates, those infamous cut-throat outlaws of the wild oceans, have always been associated with death and destruction. Therefore, it is hardly surprising that there are a large number of ghosts connected with them. Here are a few key examples. Yo ho ho.

### BROADSIDE BLENKINSOP

This notorious villain and full-time scurvy seadog, was encountered by the famous explorer Lennie the Navigator, who set sail from his home in Brooklyn in 1789 and attempted to find the Mid-West passage in his ship *The Bagel*. Blenkinsop's nick-name had little to do with his cannon tactics and everything to do with his immense girth. It was rumoured that Blenkinsop could eat six quarterpounders with cheese and relish, three spicy dog burgers, two scurvy shakes, a French hen (grilled), five gold rings and still have room to eat nine treasure chests of dolly mixtures for elevenses. Blenkinsop chased Lennie the Navigator and his crew for twenty miles hoping a quick snack was involved. Then Lennie, running out of patience, fired his own cannons in defence. Seeing the incoming missiles, Blenkinsop's look-out cried "Grapeshot!" and, over-eager and confused, the Pirate chief leapt up to swallow it. His phantom now haunts the Florida Keys, drooling and moaning



## PART 55

'Can I have fries with it?'

### GREENBEARD

After an accident during a raid on a Spanish hair-gel galleon bound for Cadiz in 1551, Jack Lobesnipper became known as 'Greenbeard' and became jolly confused. After his reign of topsy-turvy terror became just too much to take (he sailed into Canterbury and told the Mayor to 'perm the mainbrace'... a pretty neat accomplishment, Canterbury is inland), he was hunted down by Jacques Van Plat, a famous barber who ran a popular salon in Saville called 'Curl Up and Dye'.

It was a close shave, but Van Plat came out victorious. Greenbear's ghost can now be seen rolling up the Spanish Mane to cries of 'Trim the Plank!'

## GUIDE

### SHORT CHANGE SILVER

'Short Change' Silver was a notorious cutthroat and an even more notorious cheapskate. He'd never buy a round of grog for his mates in the 'Black Spot'. He'd only ever bury his booty in high interest beaches. Even his boat was on the cheap side, because he said he could only ever afford half a galleon. It all went wrong for him when his crew mutinied and decided to strike for more pay. The strike missed Silver, but broke his piggy bank into tiny little pieces. Silver died choking in the cloud of dust that came out. Now he roams the ocean wave as a tax inspectre.

### JOLLY CONFUSED ROGER

Another jolly confused pirate, Roger, used to get his words muddled up. According to his log, he sailed '... down and up the Carbery Doast in his Spooner the *Schoonerism* crying "Ho yo yo" and spaining the micebrace'. He died a broken man after the League of Privateers laughed uproariously at his demand for a 'rottle of bum'. His ghost was last sighted sailing backwards into Plymouth giving treasure back to passing merchantmen.


### JAKE THE PUG

Not actually a pirate, or even a ghost, but a small pkinese from Lyme Regis, so don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN  Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and NICK ABADZIS

*Wednesday, 23rd of May*

It was supposed to have been a quiet, pleasant fishing trip.

"I'm sure nothing will go wrong with these water tests on Slimer," Egon said, as we packed our bags for Florida. "But one can never be certain when dealing with the paranormal and its effects on H<sub>2</sub>O, that some unforeseen circumstances might not arise." Which was really Egon's way of saying that he didn't know what would happen but it was good to have someone else around to help just in case. I figured, if nothing else, I'd get some fishing done. That part was right anyway.

We arrived in Florida in the early afternoon, taking a boat out from New Orleans into Tampa Bay, which is just out from the city of Tampa. Clever piece of naming, huh? It's a good piece of sea, not as good as a South Sea island perhaps, but getting there. It was really blue in places and we'd picked a good day to be there, too.

There was only one other ship in sight when Egon finally decided to drop anchor and begin several weird experiments with Slimer. "Foooddeee?" asked our ghostly friend, as Egon slapped another special electrode on him. "Later," I said, unpacking my rod and line. Before Egon could try to explain what he was trying to find out about Slimer, I hurried off to the other end of the boat to start fishing. It was not a day for three hour theories about paranormal forces.

The sun was warm, but there was just the right sort of breeze coming off the sea to keep it cool without getting too hot and sticky. I cast my line, sat back in a wooden chair and waited for my first catch. Too close to land for a large fish, perhaps, but life is full of surprises. Believe me, my catch was quite a surprise!

It was hard to say what it was really — a sort of blue, red, and green fish with fins

in places that fish just don't have fins and three mouths. It was the three mouths that really tipped me off to something strange going on, plus the revolting smell the fish was making. I hurried aft, the 'fish' at arm's length. Egon was standing beside Slimer, checking off numbers on a piece of equipment that looked like it had dropped straight out of Doctor Frankenstein's laboratory. Lights clicked and buzzed. "Did you know that Slimer's body can absorb salt water at a rate faster than a South Sea sponge?" muttered Egon, looking up from pages of notes covered in odd looking equations. "I always knew Slimer could eat or drink anything," I replied. "I wonder if he'd eat this, though?" I held up my catch, which looked at Egon, then at Slimer, burped and spat orange goo onto Egon's machine.

"Obviously some form of psychic manifestation," Egon mused, prodding the 'fish' with the end of his pen. "I wonder what brought it here?"

I explained carefully to Egon that it wasn't something I'd planned to catch, it wasn't a prank (he was looking at me rather suspiciously) and didn't he think we should investigate further? "Trurble-fisheee," added Slimer, shivering and rolling his eyes in a disturbing way, which was not at all helpful.

"Throweebaerk."

"Actually, that might not be such a bad idea," Egon said, having measured the fish's PKE (Psycho Kinetic Energy) level. "That thing's throwing off some interesting PKE and radiation levels, all mixed together. Perhaps in its sea environment, something might develop." I shrugged, looked at the fish, which winked at me, then threw it overboard. Big mistake.

The first thing that changed was the smell of the sea. As I said, Tampa Bay is a beautiful sort of place in its way. We were too far away from any towns for it



to have been some sort of awful drainage smell – it was definitely coming from where I'd thrown the 'fish'. "I don't think I'm going to like this," I said firmly, reaching for my Proton Pack and Gun, grateful that Egon had insisted we bring our Trapping Equipment, "just in case." Egon nodded and grabbed his back pack faster than I'd ever seen him grab it before. The sea started to bubble and the PKE Meter went crazy, bleeping and buzzing at record levels.



Slimer hid behind us. "Burgeeetrooble," he gasped.

A huge, twisted tentacle shot out of the sea holding what looked like an oil drum. The tentacle, covered in rotting seaweed, was quickly followed by a huge body, with a head covered in shells and all sorts of sea debris. Two yellow eyes glared out from a haircut of seaweed, staring angrily at the two of us. We were in trouble. The boat we had hired wasn't that large – this thing could have chopped it in two in seconds. It snorted goo at us with an awful, gaseous stench. "Who ... dropped this?!" it roared, shaking the drum.

"Um, you appear to have the wrong

boat," said Egon. "We just arrived. Er ... what is it?"

"Poison," hissed the sea monster. "I think I'm going to have to eat a few cities just to get the taste out of my mouth!" It looked towards Tampa, hungrily.

"You wouldn't like them," I said, thinking what people would say if they found out the Real Ghostbusters had let this monster eat Tampa, or St. Petersburg. Perhaps they wouldn't squeal too much if we let it eat Sarasota ... I put that idea firmly from my mind. "They're all far too dirty," I added. "Then I'll just have to eat YOU!" snarled the creature again. As it raised a giant suckered limb, ready to strike, Egon and I both brought up our Proton Guns and let fly. There seemed no point in arguing with the thing. "GAAAAAARGH!" it screamed, writhing in the beams. They didn't have any effect. "The beams aren't having any effect!" shouted Egon.

"I noticed!" Suddenly, I also noticed something else – the other ship I'd spotted earlier was closer to us now – and it had drums on deck just like the one in the monster's tentacle.

"There's your litterbugs!" I shouted above the crackle of Proton Energy, pointing at the boat. The crew saw me do it too, and prepared to move off as fast as possible.

"GRRRAAGH!" screamed the monster and swam off after them. "I think those guys will think twice before making an illegal dump around here again," I said as their ship disappeared into the distance. "We'd better report it when we put back into Tampa – the police will want to pick up the drums they did drop."

"Foodeeee," moaned Slimer, pointing at his mouth. "Winston prommeesed me!!"

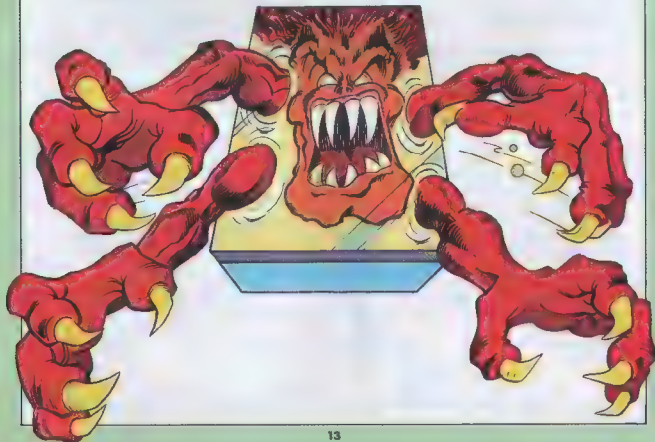
"You can have anything you want Slimer," I said, "Just as long as it isn't fish!"



# MIRROR GHOST

'Vanity is the worst policy'. This was a little gem of wisdom which came from the pen of a certain Professor Von Podule, a man who was a Doctor in Philosophy, amongst other things, and a not very good, or famous, one at that. He was, however, correct in this case. Vanity is not a very good policy at all when, every time you look in the mirror, a spook of awesomely hideous proportions sticks its head out of the glass and says, "Grrroooooaarrgggh!" This was, in fact precisely what happened to Janine, for she

was faced with something truly monstrous when she looked into the mirror first thing one morning at her apartment. There are plenty of people around who would rather not look at themselves, but in this instance, the reflection was not her own but was actually that of evil-looking ghosts with big teeth and real, gripping hands. No mean feat when you've got four arms! The spooks were sent into oblivion when Janine faced the horror with its own mirror-image.



# GH~~OST~~ WRITING!



Hi there, fans of the frightening, followers of the ghostly and ectoplasmic. Go on, make an old Ghostbuster very happy and send me a letter!

## Dear Peter ...

I have some questions to ask Slimer:

1. What type of pizza do you like?
2. Can you fly an aeroplane?
3. How tall are you?

— Stephen Douglas, Hawick

I asked Slimer your questions and these were his replies:

1. Everythingeeeee! Foody foody yumyummm! 2. Noeee, but Slimer like to tryee, yes! 3. Hello, it's Pete here again. Slimer got a bit confused here, because his height actually varies by a smallish amount according to how much he has eaten and how much ectoplasm he has gunked onto someone at the time (mentioning no names, of course).

I have some questions for you:

1. In issue 46, you got pages five and six the wrong way round. Can you explain this?
  2. In 'Mermaid Mischief', what was in the Top Secret box which Egon was carrying to ECTO-1?
  3. Talking about ECTO-1, have you ever had to change the tyres after all the skidding around corners that you do?
- Philip Cookson, Manchester

*Thanks for your questions, Philip. 1. Well done for spotting the mistake in issue 46. I'm afraid that gremlins got in the machinery. Fiendish little monsters! 2. The contents of the box were so Top Secret that Egon actually told us what it was inside! It was, as he said, a 'Paranormal Marine Monitor'. I think the name is fairly self-explanatory. 3. As a matter of fact, ECTO-1 is such a sturdy old thing that we have less trouble with it than you might think. We have, though, occasionally had to change the odd tyre. It's a real tank, but not indestructable!*

Hi, Pete. I have some questions for you:

1. What ghost is the second biggest that you have encountered?
  2. Are there any ghosts bigger than Mr. Stay Puft, the Marshmallow Man?
- Patrick Hogan, Hounslow

*Hi, Pat. 1. I have been racking my brains to try and think of a ghost which was particularly huge, 'cos there have been quite a few. I reckon the*

*biggest (after Stay Puft, of course) was Burnadette, the volcanic spook who appeared in 'Hawaii Fire-ho!' back in issue 16. She was a very large elemental lady. 2. There probably are ghosts which are bigger than our marshmallow foe, but if there are, I haven't had the displeasure of meeting them yet! Let's hope this situation remains that way, too.*

Please can you explain these questions for me:

1. Why hasn't the rabbit in Blimey! It's Slimer! got a name?
2. In issue 28, the Grudge Gremlin attacked you, but you have not been attacked since. Why is this?
3. In the story 'The Traffic Warden Spook', you trapped the ghost, but in the Fact File on this particular spook, it said that he was run over by a gangster's car driven by John 'cut-throat' McCready. Which is true?

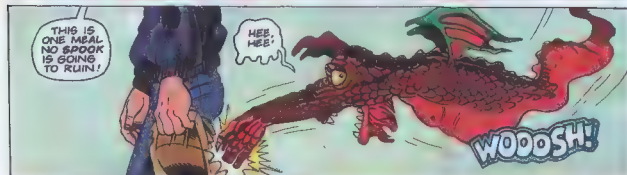
— Gareth Warren, Oxford

*Thanks for your questions, Gareth. 1. Aha! How do you know the rabbit hasn't got a name? Just because he hasn't been called anything in the story doesn't mean that he is a nameless bunny. 2. Well, this is how Grudge Gremlins work. They strike when you least expect it. We've been waiting for the titlevidelotrekitsginaa! Whoops there he goes again. 3. Both. He was run over by the gangster's car and this is what made him into a ghost. Then we trapped him!*

**Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2**



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





# DEAD TRUE!



hosts have often been associated with the sea. The dark and foreboding oceans seem to hold a mysterious sense of the unknown within their waters. The sea has always been dangerous, too, so it is hardly surprising that many people have perished in the cruel waves.

Perhaps the most famous watery ghost story, however, remains one of the world's most unsolvable mysteries. It is that of the *Mary Celeste*, a square-rigged brigantine, which set sail from New York in 1872, bound for Genoa, in Italy, with a cargo of crude alcohol.

The crew consisted of her master, Benjamin Spooner Briggs, her first mate, Albert Richardson, a crew of seven men and the captain's wife, Sarah, with their young daughter, Sophia.

The weather was a little stormy, but not exceptionally so, and on the twenty-first morning after the ship's departure, the vessel's bearings were noted in the log.

This was to be the last entry recorded there.

Ten days later, a British ship, the *Dei Gratia*, found the *Mary Celeste* floating aimlessly in the water.

Upon investigation, the three crew members who searched the boat, found something that was so horrible that they couldn't even describe it! Mainly because they didn't find anything, really! There was no trace of anyone... living or dead!

What made this all the more mysterious was the fact that the people on board had clearly disappeared very suddenly. The weather could not be blamed, for plates were left, unbroken, on the table, there was an open and unspilled bottle of

cough medicine in the cabin and there were signs of a half-served breakfast. The captain had sliced the top off his boiled egg and left it uneaten!

The possibility of a mutiny was also considered, but if a mutiny had taken place, why would the mutineers abandon the ship?

It was also possible that the ship had been taking water, but the investigators found only three feet of water in the hold, a fairly typical water intake for a wooden ship of such construction.

But perhaps the most unsettling thing of all was the fact that the ship could not have maintained its course without someone having steered it for the duration of ten days and 500 miles! AAAARRRGGGH!





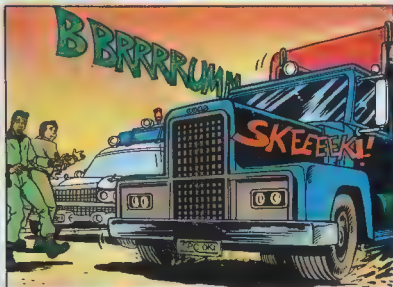
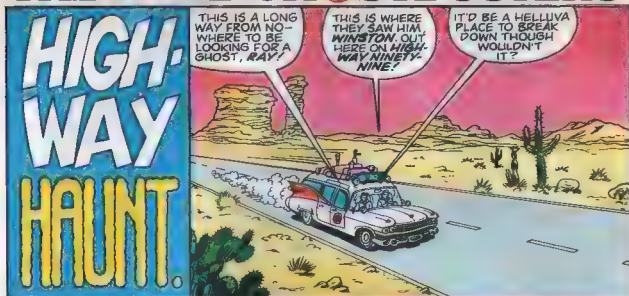


# TOM & JERRY



It's Magic!

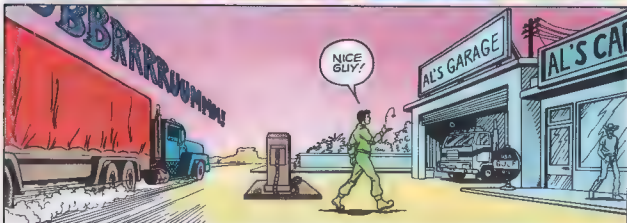
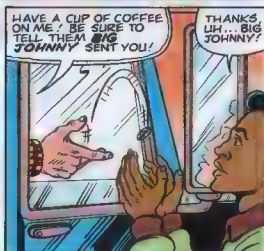
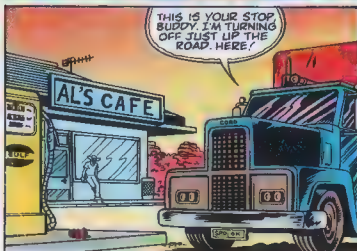
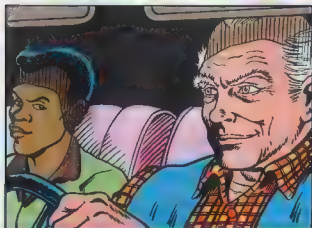
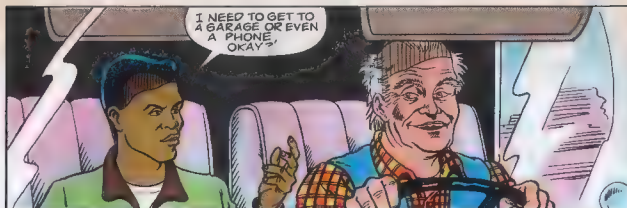
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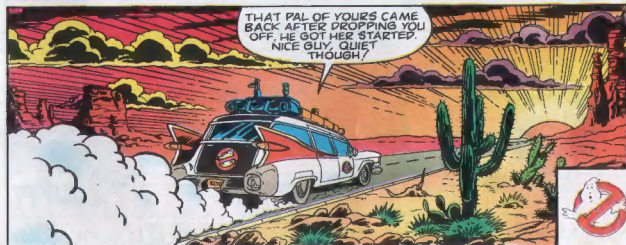
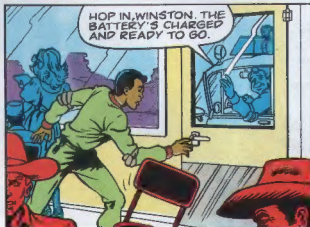
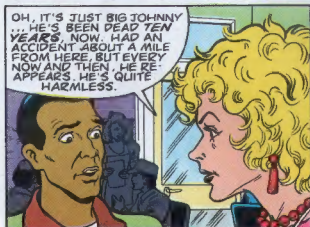
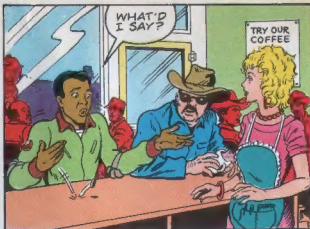
**SLAM!**



Story ANDREW BRENNER © Art TONY O'DONNELL and TIM PERKINS © Lettering GLIB © Colouring HEL

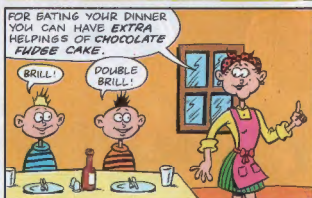
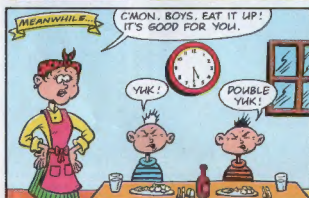
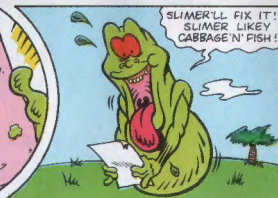
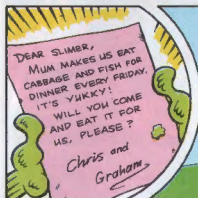






BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



# PREPARE FOR A GRIZZLY END!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**

## THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS COMPUTER COMPETITION

Thank you for all your entries, everyone. Congratulations to all the winners and to those who weren't so lucky, try your luck again in our next **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** Competition! The correct answers were:

1. Sir Clive Sinclair invented the Spectrum home computer.
2. ECTO-1 is a Cadillac ambulance.
3. P K E stands for Psycho Kinetic Energy.
4. Slimer was first found in the Sedgewick Hotel.
5. The Ghostbusters' favourite pizza is the West Pier pizza.

The winners were:

**First Prize: ATARI computer plus colour TV.**  
Felicity Bennett, Exeter.

### Second Prizes: REAL GHOSTBUSTERS Computer Games.

Alexander Lee, Hartshead; Adrian Lemel, Leigh-on-Sea; James Davidson, Ely; Paul Girdler, Godalming; Sean Kershaw, Wittering; Neil Coleman, Malvern; James Redgewick, Burton-on-Trent; David Harper, Rednal; Jeffrey Knight, St. Agnes; Ian Davies, Cheltenham; Martin Faulkner, Dursley; Adam Welling, Towcester; Andrew Raiton, Kettering; Alex Haydock, Dorset; Ben Elliott, Sussex; Matthew Parker, Leicester; Andrew Turner, Dartford; Adam Gordon, Basildon; Michael Hobbs, Co. Durham; Barry Clarke, Gillingham; Ryan Williams, Rugby; Jan Grabowski, Bridlington; Martin Granville, Gwent; Peter Christie, Birmingham; Seldon Curry, Bristol.

### Third Prizes: REAL GHOSTBUSTERS T-Shirts.

Glenn Harrison, Blackpool; Alexander Taylor, Surrey; Michael Sung, Doncaster; Barry Pearce, Astley; Anthony Cooper, Aberdeen; Nigel Jackson, W. Midlands; Richard Claxton, Runcorn; Peter McEvoy, Co. Down; Kristina Murphy, Co. Tyrone; Aron Hill, Pontefract; Andrew Bladett Altheson, Northumberland; Daniel Coopey, Gloucestershire; G. Carbin, Stoke-on-Trent; Lennie Martin, Rayleigh; Danny Wood, Middlesbrough; Andrew Williams, Luton; Thomas Voinquel, Aylesbury; Gavin Fance, Norfolk; Mikail Chowdhury, Uxbridge; David Hardy, Matlock; Fiona Denton, Burton-on-Trent; James Dodds, Cheshire; Andrew Armitage, Yorkshire; David Wilson, Co. Durham; Thomas Rogerson, Leeds.





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